

The Journal and Courier

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

THE OLDEST DAILY PAPER PUBLISHED IN CONNECTICUT.

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Notes.

We cannot accept anonymous or return rejected communications. In all cases the name of the writer will be required, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The street railroads in San Francisco are in trouble and several are in the hands of receivers because they cannot pay expenses. The trouble is laid to the increasing use of bicycles, which enables every man to run his own street car.

Major John writes in the United Service Magazine that while he was employed between Port Said and Kantara he saw the waters of the Lake Menzaleh "driven beyond the horizon" by a violent wind, so that the natives walked about where the day before they were fishing. This convinced him that he had seen exactly what happened when the Israelites passed dryshod through the Red Sea.

King Menelik of Abyssinia is founding a large library at Abba Abbeba and collecting all the old Ethiopian books he can find. According to tradition, when the Somalis invaded Abyssinia in the sixteenth century all the books belonging to the emperor were hidden on an island in Lake Zual, in southern Shoa. In December last Menelik sent a fleet of rafts to the island, where the hidden books were actually found. The natives could not read them, but kept them as religious objects. The manuscripts were left with them, but copies were ordered for the new library.

Allentown, Pennsylvania, has been greatly pestered by tramps lately, and all the usual methods of dealing with them under the law have failed to abate the nuisance. The warden of the prison thinks now, however, that he has hit on a scheme that will frighten every tramp from coming within sight of the town. He has bought two tons of pig iron, and any tramp brought to the jail and the police have orders to bring them all in—be it set to work carrying the big billets from one end of the jail yard to the other for five hours a day. A strict and stern guard will be put over them, and there will be no let up in their hard and useless task.

"Leaves of Healing," issued in Chicago, is the organ of the "divine healing" cult. A recent number announces that 652 acres of land, just out of Chicago, near Blue Island, will soon be purchased, where various institutions connected with the movement are to be placed and homes for people provided. The plans include a Zion's Temple, to hold 10,000 people; divine healing homes, arranged around an inner garden and park, to be called Benah Gardens; Zion College, a series of schools from the kindergarten to the university preparatory school; Zion Printing and Publishing House; Zion Refectory; homes for young men, young women and orphans. The healing institutions are to be in the center.

Professor Mahaffy has had a strange bit of luck with a Greek inscription from Egypt. Mr. Grenfell, who has just returned with a number of important newly discovered papyri of the second century before Christ, brought him the squeeze from a mutilated stone found at Dimah, in the Fayum, giving the beginning only of a number of lines. It belongs to 104 B. C., and contains several proper names. Prof. Wilkins of Breslau heard of it, and thought that an inscription on another mutilated stone in the Berlin museum, having only the ends of lines, might have something to do with it. He sent a squeeze to Professor Mahaffy who put the two pieces together, and found that they fitted exactly, though a few letters along the fracture are lost.

The new woman will have to hustle if she outdoes Miss Phoebe Brown, of Matlock, England, as noted by William Elton in 1801. Her common dress was a man's hat, coat, with a Spencer above it, and men's shoes. She could lift one hundred weight with each hand and carry fourteen stone. Her voice was more than masculine, it was deep-toned, and the wind in her face, she could send it a mile. Yet she had no beard. She could sew, knit, cook, spin, but hated them all; she accepted any kind of manual labor, but her favorite avocation was breaking in horses at a

guinea a week. She was an excellent judge of a cow, and shot accurately with a gun. Her chief food was milk, and she was fond of Milton, Pope and Shakespeare. This admirable female also performed neatly on the flute, violin, harpsichord and bass viol. She could cover easily forty miles a day, and when a gentleman at the New Bath treated her rudely she said that "she had a good mind to have knocked him down."

A bulletin just issued by the military division of the war department, entitled "The Organized Militia of the United States," gives the total organized strength of the militia by States and shows in all an aggregate of 114,146 officers and men. The entire number of citizens liable to military duty is 9,945,053, a goodly host to draw upon in time of trouble. Camps of instruction were held in thirty States last year, all but one of which had the services of officers of the regular army, who were detailed by the secretary of war for that duty. The largest regular annual appropriation, \$100,000, is made by New York; the smallest, \$1,000, by New Mexico. Arkansas makes no appropriation, and depends upon its allotment from the United States appropriation and the subscription of the members and friends of the State guard. The States appropriating in 1894 \$100,000 or more, besides New York, were: Pennsylvania \$250,000, Massachusetts \$215,000, California \$130,000, Illinois \$120,000, Rhode Island \$104,000, Wisconsin \$100,000.

THE STORY OF A STRIKE.

That strikes do not pay is again made plain by a study by the Illinois bureau of labor statistics of the coal miners' strike of 1894. Information was obtained from 276 mines and it appears that the strike affected 25,207 men and that the average number of days lost per man was 72.4. It should be stated, however, that the strike occurred during the dull season, and it is estimated that more than half that time would have been lost in any event, even if there had been no labor trouble. An effort to form an accurate estimate of the number of days lost on account of the strike was made by taking the average number of days the miners worked during the six preceding years as a basis for comparison, with the result that the loss was fixed at 33.6 per man, a total of \$18,855 days. It is believed that the men were earning on an average \$2 per day, so that the money loss suffered by each striker was \$67.20, the aggregate being \$1,693,910. Very few of the men, only 3,173 out of a total of over 25,000, secured any advantage whatever, a still smaller number secured an advance in wages, and nearly 9,000 actually had their wages reduced as a result of the trouble, the sudden stopping of work having brought about serious conditions from which it was impossible to recover promptly even when the strike was declared off.

It has cost the workmen of this country a great deal of money to test the theory that strikes are a remedy for their wrongs. And the test so far has had very unsatisfactory results.

TOWN RECORDS.

Massachusetts has a commissioner of public deeds, and he has been going about the State investigating the condition of the town records. He has discovered that their condition is not at all what it should be, and he has shown that there is a large field for a commissioner of public deeds to work in. The first trouble the commissioner has when he goes to a town is to find the records. For instance, upon reaching a town and inquiring for the town clerk, he was told that "he was three miles from the town hall, 'in the woods.'" Not infrequently the condition in the country towns is like this. Any one who wants to use the public records has much trouble to get at them. Sometimes the only office of the town clerk is his own kitchen, where all the family live and where the town records are kept. These records have been found in a little tinder box of a cupboard, built into the chimney, six inches from the stove pipe. The place was "handy," and there was no other convenient spot for them. Sometimes they are in the attic. Sometimes the clerk has only the records he has made himself, while the previous clerk has those made during his term. Utter absence of care or method is a frequent trait of the custodian of town records upon whose existence and accuracy depend the transmission of property, the settlement of paupers, the right to a pension, the date of birth, marriage or death, or some other important legal and financial question.

Connecticut has no commissioner of deeds, but it undoubtedly has a very similar condition of town records to that which has been found to exist in Massachusetts by the commissioner of deeds of that State. Something ought to be done in this State to impress upon the keepers of the town records the importance of keeping them safely. And some instruction in the art of making them accurately would not be amiss.

FASHION NOTES.

Buttons That Might Be Finger Rings. Buttons studded with small rhinestones set in marquise shape make a final touch of elegance and expense to gowns already so elaborate that it seems really wicked to wear them. Fashion permits, indeed endorses, this use of imitation jewels for dress elabo-

ration, but it is not good taste, on the contrary is vulgar and tawdry even if the most stylish dressers by adopting it lead ordinary folk to wish to condone the fault. Dresses that are entirely free from such extravagance are far preferable, and wearers of them may content themselves by knowing that simplicity is often at its best when surrounded by that which is highly wrought. On the house dress alone here place may be found for a fancy button or two, for ornamental buttons are now in such faddish favor that they



may be used whenever desired, but this is not a dress to set off with gems, and so the buttons will be in better taste if of some inexpensive sort. This skirt is plain and has a pinked white silk flounce on the inside. Above it there is a simple blouse waist, full all around, that it may hang over the rather wide but plain belt. The stock collar shows rosette trimming at the sides. There is no limit to the number of materials that will serve for this model, but white flannel or serge for skirt, and wash or velvet silk for the waist will be a wise choice.

In planning more elaborate and bright colored dresses it is desirable to have a "color scheme" in the dress, only be sure, if a mistake is made in any direction, that it comes from having lots more color than "scheme." Women are talking to delicate colors for dressy wear, white, pearl, delicate cream, pale green, invisible blue, giving a softened effect to what a little while ago was a blaze of brilliant tints. The new motion is a relief, and for the present wearers seem more becoming. In plaids, however, there is no let-up of brilliancy, as is seen from a stylish plaid silk in which violet, green, rose and black are combined, being worn with a black satin skirt, the black stripe in the plaid being satin. Proof is thus afforded that the one garment goes only with the other, so there's no chance in it for economical shifts about.

FLORETTE.

BUILT.

Jasper—Curry is the architect of his own fortune. Is he not? Jump up, Yea! and when he built it he did not provide it with any exits.—Puck.

He had no reel when he went off To fish for fishes game. But when he came home late at night He had one just the same.

—Detroit Free Press.

She—I'm afraid that it is not me that you're after, but that it is my money you want. He—How foolish in you to say that. You know very well I can't get your money without first getting you.—Boston Transcript.

Jones—My wife went down town on Wednesday and spent all she had except 1 cent. Smith—If she does as well as that on Wednesday, what would she do on a bargain day? Jones—Get it changed.—Buffalo Express.

Pat—I tell you, Mike, astronomy is a great thing. Why, by it you can tell when there will be an eclipse, of the very hour and minute. Mike—Oh, faith, an' that's nothin'. You can look in the almanac an' see that.—Truth.

Papa—Where is your mamma? Little Daughter—I think she has gone to Mrs. De Fashion's 4 o'clock tea. "Did she say so?" "No, but I heard her say she wished Mrs. De Fashion was in Halifax, an' she went out about 5."—New York Weekly.

The Ease of It.—George (nervously)—I'd like the best in the world, Kitty, to marry you, but I don't know how to propose. Kitty (promptly and practically)—That's all right, George. You've finished with me; now go to papa.—Detroit Free Press.

Young America—Did Thomas Jefferson write all of the Declaration himself? Patriotic Parent—Yes, my son; he wrote every word of it with his own pen. Young America—Why didn't he hire a stenographer and typewriter?—New York World.

"I see," said Mrs. Jones, "that a Delaware man has been catching an albino trout with white eyes and red flesh. That's mighty queer." "Right," said Mr. Jones composedly, "you can catch most anything if you have the right kind of bait and enough of it."—New York Recorder.

"Father," said Johnny Ironside, "how big a fish did you ever catch?" "I caught a catfish once, Johnny," replied Deacon Ironside, "that weighed—" The good man stopped short, looked fixedly at his youngest son, and resumed in an altered tone: "John, this is Sunday."—Jackson Citizen.

A Happy Thought.—She (on the evening of the wedding day)—Oh! Harry, just look what a large piece of wedding cake has been left! What ever shall we do with it? He—I tell you what, my dear, I'll send it to the night watchman at our works, then I shall be sure he won't sleep to-night.—Staatsanzeiger.

Among the Swiss Vines.

In good soil, with careful treatment, a plant will last 40 or 50 years; when it is exhausted it is taken up and replaced by a young one. But madame, the good mother of our landlord, a little brown, withered old woman, who went about her vineyards in the flat black silk cap, the black bodice, white chem-

ise and the full white sleeves of the Canton Vaud, assured us that continued care was needed to make them last as long as this. "Il faut les seigner toujours, toujours." We used to watch her from our balcony on those delicious September mornings, when existence was so perfect that it seemed sacrilege to defile it with labor, trotting about, up and down, in and out, among the vines, tying up a bunch of grapes here, cutting away a branch there, so that the sun might shine full on the fruit, nursing her vines as tenderly as a mother her child. And this is what must be done if you wish to get 75 or 14 large bunches off one small vine.

Every unnecessary shoot must be removed to prevent waste of strength, and when the flowers are set and the grapes begin to ripen every leaf that comes between the fruit and the sun, and which can be spared from the plant, is got rid of. Heavy bunches must be supported by any means that ingenuity can devise, so that the stem may not be strained. Early frost and hail are great dangers to be feared. Should hail come near harvest time the vigneron must go through his vineyards and remove any damaged grapes with a pair of silver scissors.

A watch must be kept for the grubs. And, of course, there is the dreaded phylloxera, but southern Switzerland, happily, seems to be free from that. If a plant be attacked a red cross is marked on it, and it is ruthlessly destroyed.—The Cornhill Magazine.

PERHAPS THE WORST TIPPLE.

One Drink Makes Some Men Drunk All Day and Others Crazy.

[From the San Francisco Chronicle.] Captain Casson of the British bark Cupica, while at Astoria, on his way out to sea from Portland, gave a reporter some interesting facts in regard to the gages plant and the terrible effects it has on the natives of the Gaupill Island, where it grows. Captain Casson is an authority on matters pertaining to the South Sea Islands. In speaking of the gages plant Captain Casson said: "It is a species of cactus, and, as I said, grows only, to my knowledge, on the Gaupill Island. The island is a small one, but is well populated by natives of the Malay race. In the interior of this plant grows wild, flourishing especially in the red, rocky soil. It looks beautiful when growing, as you may judge by the bright hues with which it is spotted. Opium is a potent drug, but I am certain that the extract from the gages plant is calculated to do more damage to the human system. The natives cut the plant in the early spring. After they have gathered a sufficient quantity they put it in large bowls and crush it with huge stones.

"A grayish sap runs out freely, and this they collect and drink, after letting it ferment, which it does easily. Within half an hour after imbibing it the drinker becomes perfectly stupid, and lies around like a log. The spell lasts a day or more, during which time the natives say they live in paradise. I have known sailors to try it, but never twice. Three years ago I had a man in my crew who was driven crazy by one drink. The first effect of the liquor is to soften the bones and gradually eat them away. There are natives here, victims of gages, who are indeed boneless and unable to walk or use their limbs. Then they begin to wither away, until they die in misery and convulsions. Usually two years will finish the hardest man. The sufferings of the slaves to the drink are terrible."

The First Engraving.

It is a very odd fact that we have no authenticated portrait of Cicero. This will be surprising news to most people, for more busts and statues are assigned to him than to any "Roman of them all," excepting the Caesars; but antiquarian critics reject them all now-days. They may be true, but there is no evidence. We may feel a comfortable certainty, however, that the familiar face and figure are correct. Cicero would not be restrained by indolence or modesty from sitting as often as he was asked. Every gentleman who took pride in his library would have the great man's bust in its place among the other authors, for such was the fashion. There was another fashion of the kind much more interesting. We are used to class engravings among the modern arts, but the Romans had a method of inserting the likeness of a writer in his book, which, to say the least, served the purpose of engraving. Martial and Seneca and Cicero allude to it; the invaluable Pliny gives a clear statement, but he does not seem to have understood the process. "By some means or other," says he, "Marcus Varro introduced the portraits of seven hundred individuals in his numerous books, as he could not bear the idea that all trace of their features should be lost." These illustrations were reproduced somehow, for "not only did Varro confer immortality"—upon the author's features—"but he also transmitted them to all parts of the earth, so that anywhere it might be possible to see them." Pliny calls this a "most blessed invention," and if it were not engraving, what could it have been? The learned have been inquiring, and debating for three hundred years, but they will never agree. Any day, however, Heruleanum may yield some old papyrus which will decide the question.—London Standard.

The Unemployed in Fall Mail.

A great deal of attention has very properly been bestowed of late upon the unemployed, but there is one section of this class whose claims to consideration have been unaccountably overlooked. I refer to those who are for the most part arrayed in tail hats and frock coats, and who hold their meetings every day in Fall Mail, St. James' street, and the adjacent thoroughfares. To a reflective mind the condition of this class is pitiable in the extreme. Able-bodied, decently educated, and, not infrequently, fairly intelligent, they are condemned—often by no fault of their own—to an aimless and unprofitable existence, little higher, while it lasts, than that of a cabbage in a market garden, and in its ultimate purport a degree lower, inasmuch as the cabbage becomes, when it has reached maturity, a source of profit to its grower, and of sustenance to mankind.

Apollinaris

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."

"First in Purity."

BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.

The existence of this class of human beings is chiefly due to one of two causes. Either they have had the misfortune to be relieved by their progenitors from the necessity of earning their living, or they have spent the best part of their youth in the service of their country as soldiers, and have been gratefully cast adrift by their country to rot while still in the prime of life. In either case they are equally objects of pity. Like the unemployed of the town, and other extremes of the town, the west end class-workers may be divided into two classes—those who want work and can't get it, and those who won't work as long as they can help it. The latter class are probably beyond hope; but if we set about it the right way we might possibly do something for the others, and if we can we certainly ought to.—London Truth.

Pigeons and Postal Service.

The most novel and successful instrument ever used in the postal service is the homing pigeon. During the Franco-German war, in 1870-71, the ingenious French adopted this system of transmission of their correspondence. The communications were printed and then micro-photographed on to thin films of collodion. Each pellicle contained the reproduction of sixteen folio pages of type, and was so light that fifty thousand messages could be carried by one pigeon. To insure safe transit the films were rolled up and placed in a quill which was fastened to one of the tail feathers of the pigeon. Upon arrival of the messenger at its destination the films were unrolled and thrown on a canvas by means of an electric lantern, copied by clerks, and dispatched to their destination. Later, sensitive paper was substituted for canvas, and the letters were reproduced on it ready for remailing.

Another production of French ingenuity was a balloon postal service with fifty-seven balloons. Each ascension cost about one thousand dollars, and, although Krupp had built several guns for the German army designed specially to bring down these aerial mail cars, only five of them were captured. They carried many tons of mail, as well as ninety-one passengers, during the period of war.—Postal Record.

An Answer for Fate.

[From Puck.] "I will be yours," she said; "but you must promise me to become a worker for the church." "Heaven's!" The look of happiness faded from his eyes. "I could never bring myself to eat ice cream and oyster stew, and—" Convulsive sobs shook his frame. "I promised mother I would never gamble!" From that night they never met again.

Questions of Health.

The popular notion that an athlete, because of his athleticism, is a healthy man is a delusive one. Muscular development is not an affair of constitution; it is an accident. Strong limbs and a weak heart are, not infrequently, associates. Many a "strong man" dies

FRUIT SYRUPS

made from the actual juice of Selected Ripe Fruit. In this respect they differ from many of the preparations offered that are NOT made this way.

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F. M. BROWN & CO.

"Born with a silver spoon" sounds well but the folks who get on in the world are those who manage to get out of a dollar all it will buy!

And we help them do it! This week we are making a great success at it.

Stealing a March

on stock-taking—stock-taking is tedious work and we'd rather let you take the stock. Suppose we begin at

Linen Towels!

We offer a big lot of them 10c, 12c, 15c, 18c and 25c up.

Not a towel in the lot you will ever complain about.

Snowy Napkins, they tempt a lagging appetite when they are snowy—who can't afford them at these prices? Per doz., 95c, \$1.19, \$1.36

Cheesecloth, 40, 60, 80 and 90.

Sheets and Pillow Cases for all size beds and none are short of the necessary size. The prices for this week are making sweet, clean beds for the hotel and cottage guests especially.

Light Dimity Quilts.

The Allendale, just like a comfortable sheet of ice and they wash like a tea-cup—fits any size bed and costs little.

East Store, Main Floor

Cool Coats

Fast Black Cheviots \$1.98

All Worsted, black and blue, \$2.98

Extra fine Worsted, black and blue, \$3.98

None better quality, 4.98

Every coat reduced a dollar in price.

West Store, Main Floor

Plenty of these sizes—32, 34, 36 and 38

Shirt Waists, and the colors most wanted, with the price, 50c

accounts for the rush here.

West Store, Second Floor, Front

When we cease to be generous—selling a 25c 50c Sailor Hat for some folks will be sorry.

West Store, Second Floor.

F. M. Brown & Co.

MACHINE JOBBING. WANTED, all sorts of repairing. Machine jobbing; models made. Tailors' Shears, Barbers' Scissors and Razors sharpened. Fine Lamps, Silverware repaired. NO JOB BARRED.

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Mahogany Swell Front, \$125 to \$200.00

Quartered Oak, \$110 to \$140.00

Walnut Marble Top, \$17.00 to \$20.00

Cherry, \$12.00 to \$15.00

Next Week Chiffonier Sale.

The Bowditch Furniture Co.

100 to 106 Orange Street.

Closed Saturday at noon.

Open Monday evening.

A CRANK

(That is what he called himself because he said he was cranky on most kinds of sleeping inventions)

Bought one of our Sleeping Couches for less than \$3, spring mattress and all, and came to-day and ordered two more.

This couch isn't in the way anywhere, and you can rest on it without everything sliding off, and it costs less than \$3.00.

Up-to-date Furniture.

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